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artistic studio. Thus habituated, the boy leans for long half-hours against a lay figure or a suit of armor, from time to time uttering remarks which show what thoughts have been coursing through his brain. These, though masterly in their incoherence and fidelity to the momentary impression, are not too fragmentary to yield a meaning to the intelligent exegesis, and the painter at his canvas smiles on hearing, after a long silence, a remark revealing that the season of free swimming-baths approaches. "Shirks is the worst; porfishes won't bite yer." All such remarks the visitor shoots out of his clenched teeth with an East Side accent; evidently in our social evolution the style of the old Bowery boy remains in the child, to be dropped by the grown animal. Another time, when Buffalo Bill's broadsides cover the walls, he remarks, evidently after a confused reading of dime literature, "Injuns is the worst." How many other scourges of life may be "the worst" remains uncertain, for the boy, still growling through his set teeth, goes on with a yellow-covered story of how an Indian chief was beating out the brains of Buffalo Bill, when the princess threw herself on his breast, saved him, and became his wife. After another silence he explains, "When I was seven year old I was sick all the time!" "What with?" asks the painter kindly. "Bricks!" is the all-sufficient answer, and it appears that the youth, up to the age of self-defence, was never without the wounds of honorable street combat. Such is the "apologia pro vita sua" furnished by Tony, the chosen friend of one of the most highly cultivated members of the New York art fraternity.

Illustrations for Longfellow's "Golden Legend," "Christus," and "Wayside Inn," in the new "edition de luxe," and many painter-like designs for the best fiction of the day, reveal another magazine side of one of the most interesting talents that America has sent to the German academies.

EDWARD STRAHAN.

RUSKIN ON PICTURE GALLERIES.

In one of Mr. Ruskin's early letters to newspapers, which have lately furnished an interesting article in *The Contemporary Review*, the principles which the great art critic would desire to have in a National Gallery, as well as in good picture exhibitions, are tersely set forth. They are these: All large pictures should be on walls lighted from above. Every picture should be hung so as to admit of its horizon being brought on a level with the eye of the spectator, without difficulty or stooping. With pictures placed on one low line, the gorgeousness of large rooms and galleries would be lost, and it would be useless to endeavor to obtain any imposing architectural effect by the arrangement or extent of the rooms. If hope of this effect were surrendered, there would be an advantage in giving large upright pictures a room to themselves. It is of the highest importance that the works of each master should be kept together. Whatever sketches and studies for any picture exist should be collected at any sacrifice, and should be shown under glass in the centre of the room in which the picture itself is placed. Although the rooms with their tables would never produce any bold architectural effect, they might be rendered separately beautiful by decoration, so as not to interfere with the color of the pictures. "The blankness and poverty of color are," says Mr. Ruskin, "in such adjuncts, much more to be dreaded than its power. The discordance of a dead color is more painful than the discordance of a gloomy one, and it is better slightly to eclipse a picture by pleasantness of adjunct than to bring the spectator to it disgusted by collateral deformities." This suggestion has been turned to account in some new galleries in England. In arranging a National Gallery, Mr. Ruskin would dispose it in long arcades, if the space were limited, returning on itself like a labyrinth, the walls to be double, with passages of various access between them, in order to secure the pictures from the variations of temperature in the external air; the outer

walls to be of the most beautiful native building-stones, and between each two arches a white marble niche, containing a statue of some great artist.

AMERICAN PURCHASES AT THE SALON.

THE New York dealers have been unusually enterprising this summer in their purchases of French paintings in the Salon. Mr. S. P. Avery, who leads the van, has bought six important canvases. The chief of those is Bouguereau's beautiful picture of "A Maiden Defending Herself Against Love," of which we have had a careful drawing made for our front page from an unpublished photograph. The picture itself, at the present writing, has not reached here. The dimensions are eighty-two inches high and fifty-nine inches wide—which are large even for Bouguereau, who knows that Americans like everything big, and stretches his canvas accordingly; for it should be remarked that this painting has been executed as a commission for



ORIGINAL SKETCH BY FREDERICK DIELMAN.

A SCENE IN NUREMBERG.

Mr. Avery. In a little pamphlet before us called "Memento du Salon," by Henri Olleris, the publication of which has just been revived after a lapse of five years, the picture is thus mentioned:

"Bouguereau is better inspired when he attempts a graceful composition like this than when he treats subjects of a loftier style. His delicate talent, his elegance, and his learned accuracy give an exquisite charm to those light themes in which he excels. The girl's head is of charming purity, the torso is harmoniously curved, and the drapery gracefully arranged. The defence is mild; instead of energetically repulsing this rosy and menacing Cupid, the arms seem almost disposed to embrace him. The danger is clearly not very terrible and the wound will not be mortal."

Mr. Avery's other important purchases are "The Departure of the Squadron," by P. L. Jazet; "An Accident," by P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret; "A Poacher," by C. E. Delort; "Evening," by Jules Breton, and "The Sleeping Vestal," by Hector Le Roux. The first four of these are noticed in the "Memento du Salon." We again translates M. Olleris' comments:

"In Jazet's 'Departure of the Squadron' the dawn is just breaking, the bugle has sounded and the cavalry squadron is about to start. On the sill of a cottage a gallant dragoon seeks to kiss a pretty country girl, who defends herself but feebly. Another girl seems to protest with gay impatience against the conduct of the affectionate cavalier, while his comrades, some in the saddle and others just mounting, laugh at the amusing scene passing before their eyes."

"Dagnan-Bouveret's 'Accident' is a serious work, meriting a serious examination. A ragged, half-savage shepherd lad, doubtless one of those poor orphans whom the peasant gets at the village and overworks with rustic severity, has been wounded in the hand, and a hastily summoned physician is putting on a bandage. Pale and unmoved, the child, accustomed to hard treatment, observes the operation almost with curiosity, and glances without alarm at a bowl full of blood from the wound. The people of the farm, seated or standing in various attitudes, look coldly on, admiring the skill of the surgeon. In a corner of the picture a weeping girl,

doubtless the lad's sister, affords the only trace of tenderness in this exact and striking work."

"Delort's 'Poacher' represents an effect of snow. Two gendarmes, dismounted from their horses, which they hold by the bridle, are examining the poacher, evidently an old soldier, who leans against his hut and doggedly answers their questions. He makes no denial, for the proof of his guilt, a dead deer, lies at his feet. Two neighbors, drawn by curiosity, listen with keen though concealed interest. The attitudes of the various figures are strikingly truthful, the gestures are natural without exaggeration, and the countenances exactly express the emotions of each."

"A sound and vivid impression is felt in the presence of Breton's beautiful canvas, but the spectator, however charmed by this poetic work, finds himself, upon reflection, constrained to make some reservations. The thought is not sufficiently clear, or, at least, is expressed with too much indecision. The title is 'Evening,' but the way in which the artist has treated his subject is not affirmative enough to justify the name. The twilight tinge spread over the picture agrees, as Breton has rendered it, as well with the breaking dawn as with the close of day. This fault is largely atoned for by imposing qualities, which make the landscape one of the most remarkable in the Salon. These qualities are, notably, the amplitude and depth of the composition, the noble attitudes of the figures (though only peasant women), the picturesque 'mise en scène,' and the marvellous dexterity of execution."

Le Roux's "Vestal Asleep" represents a graceful, light-robed figure, reposing in a heavy antique chair, while the fire, burning on the low tripod near, is flickering to extinction.

According to the "Estafette," a Paris journal, the Bouguereau and the Breton were each sold for 25,000 francs; but Mr. Avery contradicts this, saying that the prices he paid were much larger, and Breton writes from his studio to the same effect, so far, as his own picture is concerned. How much really was paid we are not told. We are informed, however, that Goupil in Paris unsuccessfully offered Mr. Avery 50,000 francs for the Bouguereau. The "Estafette" puts the price of "An Accident" at 16,000 francs.

We understand that Mr. John Wolfe, who owns M. Cot's "Le Printemps," that charming idyl representing a youth and a maiden in a swing, has bought "L'Orage," the companion picture in the Salon this year. We gave a reproduction of the artist's first sketch for the picture in the December number of THE ART AMATEUR.

THE Bric-à-brac Club of Sacramento, of which Norton Bush is president, held its second annual reception, June 18th, at the residence of E. B. Mott, Jr., whose parlors were crowded with the leading people of the

city. There were interesting literary and musical exercises, and numerous drawings and paintings were exhibited by amateur members of the club, and by several professional artists. The china painting of Mrs. Bingay and her pupils and Miss Fanny McClatchy was highly creditable.

American Art Galleries.*

V.

COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN WOLFE.
(CONCLUDED.)

A STAGE scene reduced to painting it is hardly fair to call stagey; and the souvenir of its origin in the Shakespearean drama is a good excuse for the artificial arrangements and footlight illuminations of Piloty's great picture, "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn." Most of his compositions are greatly in need of so good an apology. It is a large canvas, crowded and covered with figures, executed to Mr. Wolfe's order upon a theme of his choice. The scene is from Shakespeare's version of history, rather than historical. At the grand feast given by Cardinal Wolsey in his palace, the king having entered among the maskers, we find the beautiful bait provided by Wolsey, "fair Bullen's daughter," placed attractively on one side, and the royal dupe already caught. No longer do the Spanish charms of his lovely queen appear enticing to the crowned voluptuary. The magic of a sweet face is weaving its spell, and Anglo-Saxon Christendom is to become Protestant. The lovely demureness of the maid of honor's face is to effect this miracle, and Piloty has made the face indeed lovely, in its antique wimple and its veil of shadow. "Sweetheart, I were unmannerly to take you out and not to kiss you," exclaims the king, and the regal shamelessness, accustomed to many a cheap success, is imprinted on the heavy, handsome features of the inflammable monarch. Many court dames, in the rich and puffy costumes borrowed from the fashions of the Francis I. period, surround the damsel, scarcely less fair than she, and Wolsey looks around from a more distant group, watchful of the course of the revolution which his jealousy of the queen has kindled. Over all this splendid throng, fixed and printed by the artist at a moment which is reversing a religion and changing the face of history, shines a light that is neither of the sun nor the moon, nor of palace torches in their golden sconces. Piloty is a theatrical colorist, and his effect is inspired in his mind by what he has seen produced by lime-lights and reflectors in the splendid theatres of Bavaria. No general color of light is spread over the whole, affecting all included hues and making a harmony of the general motive, but instead, a morbid eruption of local illuminations and contrasting coruscations, unexplained, and attributable to nothing represented in the picture. The arrangements of Piloty's historical pictures are generally more like a spectacular drama at the moment of the costumer's loftiest pride, than like the realism of an austere and controlled imagination. But in constituting himself, as in this instance, a mere Shakespearean illustrator, like John Gilbert or like Maclise, he makes the arranged emphasis less offensive, and goes far to justify the incurable mannerism of his style.

"Fugger the Banker burning the Bonds of Charles V." is a large group painted by Carl Becker. The Berlin painter sees farther into a color problem than the Munich pyrotechnist. Becker paints velvets, brocades, and rococo furniture with a true artist's love of bric-à-brac, so far as that is a virtue, and with a genuine attention to the play of daylight and the breadth of

nature. It is true, he will paint his posed model alongside of his posed model of the day before, and make a group of them, forgetting that nature would reflect the silks and satins of the one figure against the silks and satins of the adjacent figure, and that all the details of a real scene are knit together by a mysterious interdependence of light and color which unifies them. Still he works like a painter of legitimate race, while Piloty works like an adapter of stage-plays. In the present scene we have a room with figures, just empty enough and just populous enough, in the place of the senseless and compressed colonizing, against all reason, of the Piloty scene. The nonchalant monarch, careless and pleased, sits accepting the loyal hospitality of the Augsburg banker. "The wars are done, the Turks are drowned." Barbarossa is conquered, the Algerines are scuttled in their own privateers, and the commerce of capitalists and bankers may go on now unterrified by the horrid pirates of the African coast. The grateful money-king makes his fire of cinnamon and spices, in which he burns the bonds that certify his monarch's indebtedness. It is all described in Robertson's "Charles the Fifth," but the historian cannot paint the gray

gaunt, shaggy beasts, and the wild lashing administered by the lusty, fur-capped driver. There are six ragged, hairy steeds introduced in the picture, looking like the wild Thessalian centaurs before Chiron tamed them, and their attitudes show every possible demonstration of straining effort and sinewy strength. Schreyer's Wallachian themes are derived from a long journey and residence once undergone in the Danubian provinces in the suite of a Russian prince who wished to travel thither. The canvases, like those of Valerio in the same scenes, and those of Verschagin in Russia, are half art-proper, half expedition reports. Both Valerio and Schreyer, the one with classical tranquillity, the other with gusty brio, have brought back subjects that lift a veil from Hungary, Bosnia, Serbia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, and make us live and dream among those strange populations, whether native or Tsigane—the antique Illyrians and Thracians, substantially unchanged since Ovid's banishment.

Schenck is the teamster of innumerable velvet-nosed donkeys, the shepherd of incalculable woolly flocks, all of whom he drives cheerily forth from his studio at Ecouen. He sends forth from that retreat to the present gallery a characteristic subject—"Sheep Caught in a Snow-storm," at the Croix-mourante pass in Auvergne. The woolly pilgrims are shown in a highly puzzled mood, with the track snowed away from beneath their feet in a blinding storm, and a shepherd's dog watching them with a somewhat ultra-human intelligence and sense of responsibility.

Exquisite examples of landscape art in the collection—besides a tenderly pearly "Morning" by Corot—which it will be hardly fair to pass by, are Mesgrigny's "View on the Loire," in the style of Martin Rico; "Twilight on the Seine," a fine Daubigny of 1874; Wahlberg's "October Evening in Norway," a study for the large painting owned by Miss Catharine L. Wolfe; and Andreas Achenbach's "Storm at Scheveningen" (36 x 24 inches), a lurid scene; his "Swollen Norway Torrent," and his water-color, "Arrival of the Herring-boats" (8 x 12 inches), a study in aqua-relle made in 1864 for the large canvas owned by Herr Meyer, of Dresden.

Of the younger painters of the figure resident at Paris whom it is proper to mention as contributing to this gallery, though the mention may be but a word, are Munkácsy, who enriches it truly with a "Widow's Mite," representing a modern peasant-woman, babe in arms, dropping alms into a poor-box, the group having that material darkness that may be felt, that depth and solidity, as of repoussé bronze, so well comporting with the eternal and poignant sentiment of the scene; De Coninck, with a life-sized half-length of a contadina putting on a ring which can hardly be a wedding-ring, since it is worn on the middle finger; Alfred Stevens, with a "rusée"

coquette flirting a fan, called "The Language of the Fan," painted in his later Paris manner, and not of the first importance; and Clairin, with an excellent "Scene in Morocco," representing an Eastern grandee entering his harem door, preceded by his chamberlain, amid all the wealth of robes and rugs which Paris painters find in their studios and stuff into their oriental scenes.

A precious little jewel of art is Lefebvre's "Femme Couchée," a small color-study executed in 1878 for the larger picture painted for the younger Dumas: amid a red sea of silk curtains reposes a girl horizontally just as she has left the bath. She doubles up her hand into a pink snowball, and upon it pillows her chin; the other arm and hand twine themselves like a white serpent along the back of the lounge, and the eyes are fixed on the spectator, out of all that cynical nudity, with supreme indifference and a point of malice. This picture is what the picture of Venus by Cabanel, in the room below-stairs, may have become after a course of Zola, Droz, and Dumas junior himself, her owner. Its technic shows the exactitude and science of drawing and the thin bladdery superficiality always found with this famous master of the nude in art.



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A SCENE IN NUREMBERG.

hairs, the look of probity, the shrewdness and goodness of the aged banker, the keenness of his upward look as he stoops to ignite the papers, with which he loses the work of a prince's ransom; it cannot give the superb good-nature of Charles, the very Don Carlos of "Hernani," in condescending to accept a fortune from a commoner; it is ignorant of the charming family of the Augsburg magnate, with its lovely women like those whom Makart introduces into his "Charles V. in Antwerp," and its honest burgher domestics. The picture of Becker, without being what is called a painting for painters, is an honest, broad, healthy, generous piece of color-work, not offensively Düsseldorf-like, and full of human kindness.

Schreyer, whom, though born in Frankfort, we must class as a Paris painter, is represented by one of his more important pictures, large, tumultuous, and effective. It was painted in 1870, and represents "Teamsters entangled in the Marshes of the Danube." Its size is about six by four feet. Those familiar with this "fougueux" artist need not be assisted to conceive how he would treat such a subject. They will see, from any distance, the energetic, agonized tug of the

THE ART AMATEUR

DEVOTED TO THE CULTIVATION OF
ART IN THE HOUSEHOLD

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1879, by MONTAGUE MARKS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

VOL. III.—No. 3.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1880.

{ Price 35 Cents,
With Supplement.



"A MAIDEN DEFENDING HERSELF AGAINST LOVE." BY W. BOUGUEREAU.

PAINTED FOR MR. S. P. AVERY, OF NEW YORK, AND EXHIBITED AT THE SALON, PARIS, 1880.

[DRAWN BY J. O'B. INMAN FOR THE ART AMATEUR FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH.]

(SEE PAGE 52.).

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